

THE REPROOF ;  
OR,  
THE DUTY OF  
TENDERNESS TO ANIMALS.  
With other Stories.

Embellished with Wood Engravings.



NEW-HAVEN.

A. H. Maltby & Co, Printers and Publishers,  
No. 4, Glebe Building.

1825.

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FRONTISPIECE.



*Ann M Newcomb*  
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*PRAYER.*

SUPREME good ! supremely great !

Thy bounty we adore,  
In all those gifts of Providence,  
Which mark each passing hour.

From the first dawn of infant life,  
Thy goodness we have shared,  
And still, through scenes of human wo,  
By sov'reign mercy spared.

To seek thy grace, to do thy will,  
O Lord, our hearts incline ;  
And o'er the paths of future life,  
Command thy light to shine.

While taught to read the word of truth,  
May we that word receive ;  
And when we hear of Jesus' name,  
In that blest name believe.

Let not our feet incline to tread  
Sin's broad, destructive road,  
But trace those holy paths which lead  
To glory and to God.

## THE REPROOF.



**I**T was on a cold frosty morning in the month of January, that the family of Mr. Montague, consisting of himself, his wife, two daughters, and a younger son, were all sitting round the breakfast table,



conversing sociably together ;—Hector, a favourite dog, now grown old in their service, lay basking before the fire, on a warm

hearth-rug; and Puss, no less important in her place, curled up in a snug button beside him; forming altogether a complete picture of domestic comfort and happiness;—when they were interrupted by George Montague, an elder son, who eagerly addressed his father: “Mr. Meredith’s compliments to you, papa, and requests my company to dine with him to-day: young Grenville is to be there, and Morton, and”——

“I am sorry to refuse Mr. Meredith,” said his father, “or to deprive you, my dear son, of any pleasure; but you cannot go: the distance renders it impossible.”

“I am to stay all night, Sir; that is particularly understood.”

“Recollect, George,” said Mr. Montague, “that places are taken for you and your brothers to return to school to-morrow morning.”

“True, papa, I did forget that,” replied the son, musing some minutes—“well then, I will return immediately after dinner,” resumed he: “yes, Sir, you may depend on my coming home this evening.”

“Oh! not for the world,” exclaimed the hitherto silent mother, “not for the world should you walk it home at that time—Why, the Merediths do not dine till seven: besides, your uncle is coming here

this evening, and principally on your account."

Well knowing there was no answering this last argument, George, swelling with vexation at his disappointment, sullenly left the room, followed by Hector jumping and caressing him. The ill humour of the boy, no longer restrained by the presence of his parents, kindled into passion when left to himself; and having nothing but poor Hector on whom he could vent his anger, gave him a severe kick.



The sudden cry of the animal brought Mr. Montague from the parlour, angrily demanding who had struck the dog. The servants answered, that no one had struck him, only Master George had kicked him.

Now Master George no sooner heard his father's footsteps, than he made a hasty retreat into his own room, expecting every moment to see him enter, and a long lecture ensue. All, however, remained quiet. Mr. Montague had made no remark: he rejoined his family in the parlour, where poor Hector had already taken shelter, whining most piteously.

Perhaps, thought George, after listening for some time, my father will not think about it; or it may be, he means to mortify me before the whole family: if so, I will disappoint him by staying here, and reading the whole morning. George began to read; but the dinner—the pleasure he had lost in not meeting his young friends—his father's anger—the kick he had given the dog—all came successively into his mind; and, flinging down the book, he went out, and in the course of his ramble, was joined by some young companions, whose gaieties soon put to flight all unpleasant thoughts. George returned home in high spirits, and met the family in perfect good humour with himself. He would have forgotten that any thing had arisen to vex him, had not his brothers told him, that their mother had been wishing they had set off that morning for school, instead of the next.

“What for?” inquired George.



“Because you would not have been at home to hurt the dog.”

“Indeed !” cried the petulant boy, “then my mother loves that animal better than her son : this is the first time she ever wished us away. Well, let me feel what I will, I am determined to set off in high spirits to-morrow.” And George now thought himself the injured party.

The day had closed in, and was succeeded by one of those tremendous foggy evenings, which makes it dangerous for man or beast to be abroad.

The tea equipage was just removed, and Mr. Montague desired one of his daughters to play him a favourite air ; when George, in a high tone, remarked that his uncle had not come as was expected.

“How could we expect him in such an evening as this ?” said his mother ; “do you not see the very house is full of fog ?”

“Fog !” replied her son ; “I do not mind foggy weather of a rush ; I would walk twenty miles in it with pleasure.”

No answer was made to this boast ; only Mr. Montague observed to his wife, that the evening put him in mind of the most memorable event of his life.

“I think it is sixteen years since”——

“Seventeen years, the twenty-eighth of this month, my love, since it happened,”

said his wife; "just two years before our George was born."

"You have a better memory than me," replied Mr. Montague.

"It was too strongly impressed on my mind, ever to forget it," resumed she.

The daughters begged their father to tell them the particulars.

"We lived at Twickenham; and I had dined that day, my dear children, with some friends, about four miles distant.

"It had been a fine morning; but towards the after-part of the day, it grew thick and foggy. Fearing bad weather, I was anxious to reach home by the dusk of the evening. Resisting, therefore, every importunity to stay longer, I set off, accompanied by Hector; and between running and walking, had accomplished, as near as I could guess, about three miles, when the increasing fog no longer permitting me to discern objects, or even that I was in the right road, obliged me to slacken my pace. I now walked on slowly, endeavouring to regain the path, which I knew I had lost, by feeling the grass beneath my feet. I had proceeded, I imagine, about half a mile further, when I became startled at my situation—all was still as death! I turned round, in the vain hope that I might descry a human being; but before,—behind,—it was im-

penetrable mist. I called aloud several times—no sound was returned in answer. My sight became affected—the vapours penetrated to my very brain—I became bewildered, and imagined myself on the brink of precipices, and that the next step might precipitate me to the bottom. In this state, I still kept moving fearlessly on, night giving the scene additional horrors; when, on an abrupt descent, I was plunged ankle deep in water. My danger now appeared inevitable.”

During this part of Mr. Montague's recital, his two daughters had drawn their chairs close to their father; and each ta-



king a hand of his, held it affectionately pressed in their's. George listened in

breathless attention: his pettishness had subsided, and filial affection resumed its place; and he felt reproved by his father's narrative.

Mr. Montague resumed: "I had remained stationary in the water about five minutes, when I felt myself suddenly seiz-



ed by the coat! It was poor Hector, whom I had entirely forgotten. He pulled me forcibly: I yielded, and in a few paces, found myself on firm ground.

"Struck with the circumstance, and recollecting in how many instances the sagacity of animals is superior to that of man, I put in practice the following experiment. Tying my pocket handkerchief

cornerwise to the dog's collar, I gave him liberty to choose his way: he made good



use of it, and kept me upon the full trot for a considerable distance. I felt my spirits revive, as I followed the animal, and was getting warm with the exercise, when a sudden spring of the dog loosened the knot, and the handkerchief remained in my hand. I called him several times, but he was gone. Where, thought I, will this adventure end? Just then, a loud barking, and lights appearing, soon convinced me that Hector knew where he was, better than I did. My dear children, that animal (under Providence) was my preserver. In ten minutes I had changed

my clothes, and was seated happily with my family."

The relation of Mr. Montague's narrative had the desired effect on his son, who, fully aware of his presumptuous folly, in needlessly incurring danger, besought the forgiveness of his parent. "Little did I think, my dear father," added he, "when I kicked poor Hector, that he had been the preserver of your life."

"Yes, my dear boy," said Mr. Montague, "but for that faithful dog, you might not have been in existence."

"Never," said the animated George, "will I ill use a dumb animal, or tamely see another do it." And he kept his word.



THE  
Butcher and his Dog.



**I**N the summer of 1796, the village of Hendon was one morning thrown into great alarm. The dead body of James Watson, (or, as he was called, the Thriving Butcher,) was found on the road



leading to Hampstead, bruised and mangled in a shocking manner. He had been

robbed, and, as it appeared, must have made great resistance.

A few weeks previous to this catastrophe, James Watson was taking his accustomed walk to Hampstead, where it was his invariable rule to spend his evenings at Jack Straw's Castle, a public house so called.

His natural courage, and the company of a faithful dog, made the road or the hour a matter of indifference to him. He was an industrious fellow, and, but for a little of what is called *Fancy*, which is a name given to boxing, cock-fighting, bull-baiting, &c. &c., had he lived, might have become an opulent man: but his skill in these games, (as they are called,) and the habits he contracted in consequence, gave a bias to his disposition, which counteracted every advantage that wealth might have promised.

One of the *Fancies* was that of training dogs to the sport; that is, of increasing the ferocity of their nature, by setting them scientifically to worry each other; and it will hardly be imagined to what a degree of skilful barbarity, the nature of these useful and faithful creatures may be perverted.

For instance, the modes of attack and defence are practised by these animals in the following manner: They are some-



times taught to seize the right paw of their adversary, which is more than any dog can bear; and it was by this means, that many battles were won by a favourite dog, until another was brought against him, which had been taught to withdraw the right paw on the attack being made; and the advantage thus obtained, was hailed with shouts of applause by the brutal throng; and the exclamations of "Oh! pretty! pretty!" were applied to an act that would have disgraced a savage.

It was on one of these trials of skill, that James Watson was on his way to Hampstead. A wager was depending on the issue of a battle between his favourite dog Trusty, and another of the same breed; when, at a part of the road least frequented, there appeared two men, whose evil designs were sufficiently apparent.

James was known to bet high, and of course to be in cash on these occasions: he had been probably marked. Nothing daunted at their approach, he took his measures with great judgment. Laying hold of the dog by his collar, he civilly desired them to keep the opposite side of the road; telling them, at the same time, that his dog was very fierce. The men, however, were bent on a desperate errand, and were not to be intimidated.

The attack was made, and the dog let loose, who, together with his master, found



them sufficient employment; till another of the gang coming up, Watson thought it expedient to consult his own safety by flight, leaving the faithful animal to contend the matter alone.

He arrived at the place of his appointment, related the adventure, and lamented the probability that he should not be able to fulfil his engagement, as there seemed little chance that his dog could escape. The amateurs, much disappointed, were beginning to make new arrangements, when the arrival of Trusty (much wounded) put an end to every thing but

that of applauding and admiring the faithful animal.

The wounds were found to be deep, but not thought dangerous: he had lost a great deal of blood, yet seemed animated at seeing his master. Elated by his prowess, and hoping to obtain still more distinction, Watson declared himself ready that his dog should fight, stipulating for an hour to recover him.

He had scarcely made the proposal, when a strong feeling of disgust was expressed by some of the party: others thought the sacrifice of an animal was nothing, in comparison to a hindrance of the sport. The man with whom the wager had been laid, to fight his dog against Watson's, found the temptation too great to forego its advantages; for humanity weighs nothing against avarice; and it was presently settled.

In the mean time, Watson had two or three quarrels upon his hands, and one of them was to be settled in the usual way, as soon as the affair of the dogs was over, which took place at the expiration of the hour.

It would be miserable to detail the particulars of the cruel contest, which ended as might have been expected, by the loss of the faithful creature, who had probably saved the life of his unfeeling master, a-

gainst whom a double share of indignation was expressed.

The butcher now took his turn in a contest that promised no ordinary issue, for his antagonist was determined on more than victory,—*punishment* was also *his* object.

Watson was no less enraged: his loss, and the reproaches of most of the company, stung him to madness. In the combat, he was permitted to spend his strength without much injury to his adversary; and in conclusion, he found he had got enough.

He was conveyed home, and a fortnight elapsed before he recovered the use of his limbs. To meet his associates, and to make more bets, was the first use he made of returning health. The accustomed walk to Hampstead was resumed, but not unobserved. The gang who had formerly beset him, were determined on a reprisal.

He had now no dog to defend him; but trusted to his weapon and his courage in the event of an assault. It was not long before that courage was put to the proof. He was again waylaid, and, being without his faithful Trusty to make a diversion in his favour, fell in the contest. His remains were found as before-mentioned.

The wise and compassionate did not fail to remark the justice of his punishment, for the cruelty of his conduct to his faithful dog.

# The Cottage on Fire.

A SIMPLE TALE.

“THE flames spread rapidly,—they had nearly consumed the habitation, from which Farmer Ashford had, however, removed every article of consequence. Fortunately, no lives were lost; and I was conversing with this good man, and listening to his grateful ejaculations on seeing his family safe, when the shouts of the surrounding labourers informed us that a little cottage, adjacent to the farm, had taken fire.

I ran towards the spot—I saw the flames bursting from the casements. Poor Randal, the labourer, who inhabited it, rushed forward: he had borne his wife and his boys through the flames, when a rafter, having fallen upon his arm, disabled him: his wife, the image of despair, clasped her children to her bosom. Her husband watched the progress of the flames in stupid horror; then suddenly he started, and exclaimed, ‘My mother!—My grandmother!’ cried a fine boy of about eleven, and, dashing amidst the spreading flames

and falling rafters, remained deaf to the entreaties of those who considered his endeavours as hopeless.

‘My boy, my boy!’ cried the father. The mother sunk, fainting, amidst the crowd. But that Being, who animated this pure and generous-hearted little fellow, spread around him his protecting shield.

Edward appeared, his aged grandmother supported in his arms, to which the occasion had given supernatural strength. He cheered her; he sought to give her courage, unmindful of aught but the sacred charge he was preserving.

Every tongue was silent—the surrounding multitude scarcely dared breathe, through agitation, dread, and awe.—They reached the door—Edward supported her steps across the threshold, when the whole fabric fell in.—A shout of joy, a murmur of applause, followed. Edward was praised, and blessed as a little hero; while, with a countenance illumed with happiness, he exclaimed, ‘She is safe! dear father, my beloved grandmother is safe!’

I cannot describe the scene that followed. Randal looked around on his children,—their mother, and the dear partner of his heart,—the respected and venerable author of his days,—all, all were safe.—‘Oh no!’ he cried, ‘merciless flames, I will not repine at your devastation: my-

self and my Edward will work to renew whatever ye may destroy! And this night, dreadful as it has been, is not without its blessings, since it has proved the real worth of my Edward's heart.'

Every one felt interested for the sufferers. A subscription was set on foot, which placed them in a neat cottage; and a rich and worthy gentleman in the neighbourhood, hearing of Edward Randal's heroic conduct, and having no near relatives, sent for him. Pleased with his superior worth and abilities, he gave him an education suitable to them. He died, and left him his heir.

Edward Randal is now a rich man: his house is large and commodious: his aged grandmother, his parents, his wife and children, all inhabit it. Peace and content smile around. I never saw a more united, or a happier family.

He has been a dutiful son: he is a good husband, and an affectionate father. The Almighty has indeed blessed him; and, trust me, he will feel all the joy in his children, that he has dispensed to his parents."

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